Blue

Blue rises
everywhere—

    sky stitched to sea,
    or sea
        stitched to sky.

Sand gnawing softly
at the hollows
of my feet;

    I close my eyes
    to feel
    what blue might be
    or remember
    what it was
    before
    I ever arrived.

A man approaches—
sunlight tangled
in hair
he has not yet grown.

He asks
why this color
doesn’t bruise;

    I tell him
    blue is
    where all quiets meet
    and sometimes
    forget
    they exist.

We drink warm lemonade
as waves pull apart
and fold
into themselves,

time rippling,
thin
as drifting foam;

    he says
    his blue
    is violence
    from the start—

    a storm-thick sky,
    an ocean stripped
    of home,
    sand lashing upward
    like a shrieking ghost;

    the world convulses
    in a fractured dome—
    or maybe
    it has always been
    this way.

I whisper, *I see*,
though I am nearly lost
in the folds
of time—

    for death, too,
    has tempests
    in its breath;
    one forms
    a desert,
    one
    a salted coast,
    both thirsting
    in different ways,
    both beautiful
    once you endure.

The world stills
suddenly,
edges shining
anew;

fireflies rise
like stars
learning
how to fall;

the sky
and sea
share
the same
royal hue.

He flickers
softer,
hardly anchored
at all—

a man unthreading
from the place
he stood,
or never
stood.

I tell him
death
is simply
blue's quiet call:

a final color
misunderstood,
the gentle shift
when living
turns see-through;

not sorrow—
just the end
of what was
good.

He smiles—
fading
into the deeper blue:

“I like your version,”
echoing
true,
and all time
collapses
into that shade.